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THOUGHTS IN VERSE

ON

PRIVATE PRAYER

AND

PUBLICK WORSHIP

By JAMES FORD, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

"Oh let my mouth be filled with Thy praise, that I may sing of Thy glory and honour all the day long."—Ps. lxxi. 7.

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NOTICE.

THE Author's design, in these "Thoughts in Verse," is to apply individually, and to connect with particular times in the day, the general precept of "*speaking*" to each other, at publick Worship, "*in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.*" That, which is left to the uncertainty of the moment, is often but negligently done; and, it may be, not done at all. Against danger of this kind a rule, tending to form the devotional habit, is our sure safeguard; and, in these times of great earnestness and excitement in the more outward calls of religion, it seems to be one especially required. We must be "*fervent in spirit,*" before we can acceptably "*serve the Lord.*" With Mary we must "*sit still in the house,*" before we "*arise quickly,*" and go forth to our active duties.

Having derived benefit, in these important respects, from thus "speaking to himself," the Author hopes that his Verses may prove of some service to his Christian brethren; and he is the more encouraged to hope this from the success, that has already attended their private and anonymous circulation. He has since revised the whole, and made some considerable additions, which, he trusts, will be found equally conducive to the end in view.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

	PAGE
THE KEY OF PRAYER	1
THE PRAYER OF WANT	2
A DAY-BREAK MEDITATION	4
A MORNING PRAYER	6
A MORNING PENITENTIAL PRAYER	8
A SUNDAY MORNING'S PREPARATION	9
A MID-DAY MEDITATION	11
THOUGHTS FOR THE EVENING	15
THOUGHTS ON RETIRING TO REST AT NIGHT	17
ON THE SAME	19
A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION	21
A PRAYER OF THE CHURCH	25
THOUGHTS FOR THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK	27
THE "DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA"	30

PART II.

THE "VENITE"	36
ON UNITY IN PUBLICK WORSHIP	38
THE "TE DEUM LAUDAMUS"	40
THE "BENEDICTUS"	43
THE "MAGNIFICAT"	45
THE "NUNC DIMITTIS"	47
THE GENERAL CONFESSION	48
THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING	50
SUNDAY THOUGHTS BETWEEN THE HOURS OF PUBLICK WORSHIP	52
A SUNDAY EVENING RETROSPECT	56
ON THE DISUSE OF DAILY PRAYER IN OUR CHURCHES	59
THE SEVEN CANONICAL HOURS OF PRAYER	62
L'ENVOI	66

THE KEY OF PRAYER.

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—S. Matth. xxi. 22.

PRAYER is the key, that opens wide
 God's mercies at the dawn of day ;
Prayer is the key, at even-tide,
 That guards us safe beneath His sway.

Prayer is the key, that gains supply
 Of holy strength and heavenly aid ;
In weakness when our task we ply,
 Or mourn alone in sorrow's shade.

Prayer is the key, that keeps the heart,
 Lest vanity should steal within ;
While saving Grace, that better part,
 It treasures up, secur'd from sin.

"Ask, and ye shall receive of Me :
 "Seek, and your souls shall mercy find ;
"Knock, and the door shall open'd be :"
 Thus spake the Saviour of mankind.

O spell of spells, Angelick might,
 O more than Angel's, power Divine ;
LORD, give me grace to pray aright,
 And every blessing shall be mine.

THE PRAYER OF WANT.

“ Oh, that my ways were made so direct, that I might keep Thy statutes.”—Ps. cxix. 5.

FATHER, to me Thy mighty aid impart;
 Enlighten, govern, sanctify my heart;
 Refine my temper, and my will subdue;
 Oh, make me, dead to self, “ a creature new.”
 I would the daily tenour of my way
 Witness'd more sure Thy Spirit's Heavenly
 sway;
 Shone in the Image of Thy SON more clear—
 That Image blest—His love and filial fear;
 His meekness, and humility of mind,
 In joy so calm, in sorrow so resign'd;
 His tender feeling for all human woe,
 That rais'd the fallen, and embrac'd the foe.
 My soul should then unmov'd composure win,
 When Grace triumphant breaks the power of
 sin;
 When the free captive spurns the tyrant's chain,
 And holy joys bring Eden back again.
 His living sacrifice I fain would be,
 A Dying Sacrifice Who was for me;

Who wash'd me in the pure Baptismal flood,
 Made me His own, a child an heir of GOD ;
 And oft has fed me, since, with food Divine—
 Heaven's strengthening bread, and Heaven's
 refreshing wine.

Oh, for such love, my grateful heart desires
 To do, to be, whate'er my LORD requires.

Long, as I live, to glorify His Grace,
 And, after death, behold Him "face to face."

Sated for ever with that blissful gaze,
The Prayer of Want becomes the Song of
 Praise—

Praise, all the louder and more sweet to sound,
 The more our "hunger" now and "thirst"
 abound.

A DAY-BREAK MEDITATION.

“He continued all night in prayer to God.”—S. Luke vi. 12.

THE reddening tints, that streak the sky,
 Announce the solar bridegroom nigh :
 Now all around is glad and bright,
 Rejoicing in a flood of light.
 But clouds and darkness still oppress
 Th’ unrisen “Sun of Righteousness :”
 CHRIST on the earth still prostrate lies ;
 Nor yet have ceas’d His midnight cries.
 Ye dews, embalm the sacred sod,
 Where JESUS intercedes with God,
 That man’s offence may be forgiv’n,
 And pardon seal’d ’tween earth and heav’n :
 There rests the SPIRIT’S dove-like wing,
 And Angels “Alleluia” sing.

Oh, may I worthy prove to share
 The joy of that accepted prayer,
 Heard through the tardy live-long night,
 In all its undiminished might ;
 Staying the morning stars to gaze,
 And listen, in their deep amaze—

How He, the GOD, who made them all,
Prone on the earth, a man, should fall !

Now glorious on Thy FATHER's throne,
Pleading their griefs, as if Thine own,
Thou, LORD, for sinners in their need
Dost ever live to intercede ;

New grace and mercies gaining still,
Our hearts with joy and peace to fill ;
Nor less, by bright example giv'n,
Chiding our languid zeal of Heav'n,
Who coldly ask from faint desire,
And soon in our devotions tire.

Yet didst Thou say ; “ What, could not ye
“ Watch for a single hour *with Me* ?

“ My kingdom violence sustains,
“ And taken is by force and pains.”

Then touch my lips with that “ live coal,”
Fire of Thy love, to warm my soul :
An arrow from Thy quiver dart,
To penetrate to fix my heart.
Then shall my spirit freely soar,
The flesh impede, obstruct no more ;
Faith shall untiring speed her heavenly way ;
My prayer prevent the dawn, my praise outlive
the day.

A MORNING PRAYER.

“As for me, I will sing of Thy power, and will praise Thy Name betimes in the morning.”—Psalm lix. 16.

FATHER of heaven, our FATHER, dwelling high
 In uncreated unapproached light,
 Gladly we hail Thy beam, that gilds the sky,
 And praise Thee for the mercies of the night.

For the dear sake of Thy Beloved SON,
 Thy favours fresh return from day to day :
 Who can express, or count them, one by one ?
 Whose equal love the boundless debt repay ?

From morn till eve defend us by Thy power ;
 Straight in the narrow way our treadings
 guide ;

Help us in every place, at every hour,
 To see Thee present, and in Thee abide.

For all our peace, in this sad world of woe,
 Springs from the fount of Thine essential
 bliss :

Through Thee in wisdom and in grace we grow,
 “Light of the world,” “the LORD our
 Righteousness.”

Life is not life, if Thou forbear to shine ;
 Death is no longer death, when Thou art
 nigh ;
 All things, for blessedness, in Thee combine :
 'Tis joy to live, and yet more joy to die.

Oh, may this day, a further space now giv'n,
 The gracious purpose of Thy love fulfil ;
 Weaning our hearts betimes from earth to
 heav'n,
 That we may "rest upon Thy holy hill."

Days without gloom of night or chill of morn,
 Glad songs of praise, immortal praise, are
 there :
 Beauties, that never fade, the Bride adorn,
 And perfect joys a present GOD declare.

Look we above, how vile this earth must seem !
 Yet wait awhile, and faith is lost in sight :
 Life, as a shadow, flies, an empty dream :
 We wake at morn, and all is sure, and bright.

Glory to Thee—the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT—
 One LORD, one GOD, for evermore the same :
 Thee we adore in Thy eternal merit :
 Glory to Thee for Thy most glorious Name !

A MORNING PENITENTIAL PRAYER.

“All the day long have I been punished, and chastened every morning.”—Ps. lxxiii. 13.

LORD, I begin the day with sin ;
 But Thou beginn'st with love :
 Oh, may Thy Morning-mercies win
 My heart to things above !

Too oft my soul forgetful wakes ;
 Then idle thoughts arise :
 The tempter some advantage takes,
 Some deadly weapon plies.

For sleep beneath Thy guardian wing,
 For all Thy constant care,
 Is this the recompense I bring ?
 Are these the fruits I bear ?

Shew pity, LORD ; good LORD, forgive :
 Pardon and peace are Thine :
 Without Thy Life I cannot live ;
 Without Thy health I pine.

Oh, let Thy presence, power, and love,
 My waking spirit fill :
 Then every thought shall soar above,
 And none incline to ill.

A SUNDAY MORNING'S PREPARATION.

"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."—
Nehem. vi. 3.

VAIN worldly thoughts, away, away !
With GOD alone I fain would stay
In converse, on this Holy Day.

'Tis a great work I have to do :
Vain world, can I come down to you,
Supernal Glory in my view ?

Enough for me the labouring week :
A rest, a Heavenly rest, I seek :
Come, LORD, and to Thy servant speak.

Speak of the FATHER'S love restor'd ;
Speak of Thyself, Incarnate Word,
"As man, embrac'd ; as GOD, ador'd."

Tell of the mystic Holy Dove ;
Tell of the promis'd joys above,
Where all is innocence and love.

Accept me in my secret prayer ;
Then lead me to Thy temple, where
The folded sheep Thy pasture share.

All hearts to Thee in prayer and praise,
And holy songs Angelick, raise ;
Teach us to know and keep Thy ways.

But, chiefly, grant Thy presence dear,
Where most in love Thou dost appear,
Coming to strengthen, and to cheer ;

When in the Bread, and in the Wine,
Thine own ordain'd life-giving sign,
We take Thee for our food Divine.

Then hail, sweet Day ! thou blest, of seven ;
Life's precious balm, time's holy leaven ;
The Day on earth, we spend in Heav'n.

Now of vain thoughts I'm dispossess ;
Calm I repose on JESU's breast—
Sure earnest of Eternal rest.

A MID-DAY MEDITATION.

“Jesus therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour.”—S. John iv. 6.

WHEN at Mid-day my task I ply,
With labouring hand, or watchful eye,
I need the timely aid of prayer,
To guard my soul from worldly care.

Thou, LORD, didst consecrate this hour,
To mind us of Thy saving power;
Thy living water's Heavenly spell,
The mystery of Jacob's well.

There, about noon, with toil opprest,
Feebly Thy voice its plaint exprest;
“Give Me to drink”—O wondrous woe!
God thirsts, “from whom all blessings flow!”

He needed not, by whom we live,
And only ask'd, that He might give;
A mightier want He felt within—
The thirst to save a soul from sin.

LORD, in our pilgrimage of grace,
 Thy weary footsteps oft we trace,
 And in the inner man renew
 The grief, Thy Sacred Body knew.

Our spirits faint upon the way ;
 We “ bear the burden of the day : ”
 ’Tis then for strength to Thee we turn,
 Sit at Thy feet, and wisdom learn.

We ask of Thee—the gift of GOD—
 Pure water from the vital flood,
 To cure our feverish thirst of sin ;
 “ A well of water,” deep within.

’Twas at mid-day, on blood intent,
 Saul to Damascus raging went :
 A light from heaven upon him came,
 Putting that mid-day sun to shame.

The sudden glorious burst appals ;
 Dash’d to the earth headlong he falls :
 A Voice reproves—a Form appears—
 Aghast he sees, and trembling hears.

Now streams that light with mellow’d glow
 Around our path, where’er we go ;
 Inviting us, at noon, to raise
 Our hearts to GOD in prayer and praise.

And calmly now we hear that word ;
 It bids us rise, and meet the LORD :
 What hour He cometh, none can say—
 At dead of night, or at mid-day.

Oh, then arise, and strive, my soul,
 To reach the Beatifick goal ;
 Thy every nerve and sinew strain,
 The prize of glory to obtain.

For see, in all this noon-tide heat,
 How worldlings labour for the meat,
 That perishes, and comes to naught,
 Like shadow, when we think 'tis caught.

And wilt thou, then, refuse thy pains
 For Heaven's imperishable gains ?
 Or, canst thou grudge thy utmost toil
 For treasures, none can steal, or spoil ?

The sun has his meridian past :
 Soon will his beams oblique be cast :
 And twilight pale will rise to enshroud
 Their radiance in the western cloud.

Yet, for a time, 'tis bright and glad ;
 But coming night is dark and sad :
 The day to man for toil was giv'n,
 And none at night can work for heav'n.

Sun of my soul, Thyself display ;
 Quicken me, LORD, and cheer my way ;
 'Till, borne upon Thy healing wing,
 Upward I soar, Thy praise to sing.

E'en now, when far from Thy blest light,
 At morn and eve, at noon and night,
 I tune my heart betimes, to join,
 Where Angels in Thy presence shine.

Yet Angels, in their loftiest song,
 Fail in their flight, and do Thee wrong :
 Like as their veil'd adoring face
 Tells of a Glory, none can trace.

And now, my Mid-day tribute paid,
 Life's busy path again I tread ;
 Yet happier far its task I ply,
 From surer trust, that Thou art nigh ;

Nigh to defend, assist, and bless,
 Making my cares and dangers less ;
 And daily duteous toil the road,
 That leads to perfect peace in God—

Peace, through the grace of CHRIST our LORD ;
 Rest, in the FATHER's love restor'd ;
 Joy, by the SPIRIT's union giv'n—
 The peace, the rest, the joy of Heav'n !

THOUGHTS FOR THE EVENING.

“ I will not come within the tabernacle of my house, nor climb up into my bed ; I will not suffer mine eyes to slumber, neither the temples of my head to take any rest, until I find out a place for the temple of the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.”—Ps. cxxxii. 4, 5.

'Tis Evening : now the parting day
Draws o'er the earth its curtain grey,
And summons us to watch and pray.

Now sinks the sun, as for repose ;
Each bird and beast his covert knows ;
Their eyelids soft, the flowerets close.

Man goeth forth from morn 'till eve ;
And wearied now his task must leave,
For nature's balmy sweet reprieve.

Yet not, as one to knowledge blind,
Or, stupid beast of senseless kind :
Man has a conscience, and a mind.

The body finds wherein to nest :
Where is the soul's congenial rest ?
Her Maker's arms, her Saviour's breast.

The solitude, now night draws near,
 The undistracted eye and ear,
 As timely monitors appear ;

Teaching our hearts in prayer to rise
 To the great GOD above the skies—
 Our reasonable sacrifice ;

Without which, holy David said,
 He would not “ climb into his bed,
 Nor rest the temples of his head.”

Now, haply, sins remember'd cast
 Dark shadows on the day-time past :
 What, if this night should be my last !

Yet could not these avail to stay
 God's love, that kept me all the day :
 But how can I this love repay ?

Others have wept ; and some, may be,
 Have long'd at noon the night to see :
 Why, LORD, such kindness, sparing me ?

Or, if mine heart has sorrow known,
 That sorrow Thou hast made Thine own :
 I was not left to weep alone.

Spread o'er me still Thy guardian wing,
 And grant these Vesper-thoughts, I sing,
 Peace to my soul—Thy peace—may bring.

THOUGHTS ON RETIRING TO REST AT NIGHT.

“I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest.”—Ps. iv. 9.

THOU, who from morn till even-tide
Hast kept me safe on every side,
Now with me through the dark abide.

Grant me sweet sleep, good LORD, this night;
And, when I rise at morning light,
Be it Thy mercies to requite.

Be it to “go, and sin no more,”
To hear Thy voice, Thy grace implore,
To love Thee, and Thy Name adore;

That Name, by all the Church confest,
By day our strength, at night our rest—
JESU, Redeemer, ever Blest!

Angels to Thee attune the string;
The heaven and earth Thy praises sing—
One chorus all to one great King.

O Thou, who in the Union Trine
For ever dost Incarnate shine,
To Thee my spirit I consign.

Sleep is a death ; the bed a tomb ;
Night spreads around sepulchral gloom :
Do Thou my darkness, LORD, illumine.

For night to Thee is clear, as day ;
The darkness shines, as solar ray :
And what is death ?—to life the way.

Only from sin, true loss of light,
Death of the soul, and endless night,
Defend me, Saviour, in Thy might ;

Pardoning the guilt of years gone by,
And sending grace, until I die,
My heart and life to sanctify.

So, to Thy glory, thanks and praise,
A joyful sacrifice, I'll raise,
At morn, at night, through all my days.

ON THE SAME.

"For it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me to dwell in safety."—Ps. iv. 9.

Not to the Saints, however high,
 Ascends my prayer, now night is nigh,
 To "bless the bed, on which I lie." }
 How can I tell, if they be near?
 How can I tell, if they can hear?
 Or if, when hearing, they can grant
 The mercies, which I daily want?
 Sure, "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,"
 'Tis "a fond thing" to call upon.
 They writ, 'tis true, th' Evangile-Book,
 Yet ne'er in it they bid us look
 To *them* for help; but all proclaim
 None other than great JESU's Name.

He is "the Word;" they did but write:
 Like stars, they shine; but His the light.
 He is "about our bed," we know;
 "About our path," where'er we go;
 His "eyes consider us;" His "ears
 "Are ever open to our prayers."

And He has power, "all power," to give ;
And 'tis in Him we "move and live."
He is "the Shepherd of the sheep,"
Who "giveth His beloved sleep ;"
Sleep to the body, thus renew'd
In vigour, when by toil subdued ;
Sleep to the soul, when gone to rest
Safe in the home of spirits blest,
Hoping to wake, and sing His praise,
When the last trump the dead shall raise.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

“And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God.”—Acts xvi. 25.

AWAKE, my soul, awake to prayer,
Thy Vigil of the night prepare ;
Now all around is dark and still,
Angels defending us from ill.

The time to sacred thought is dear,
When Thou alone, good LORD, art near :
Hush'd is the world's external din,
That we may hear Thy voice within.

It seems to plead with gentle breath ;
“Sad child of frailty, heir of death,
“Its rest thy wearied body knows ;
“Oh, let thy soul on Me repose.

“I came to suffer in thy stead ;
“I had not where to lay My head :
“Think of the love, that could provide
“Blessings for man, to GOD denied !”

Thus silent hours of darkness prove
Remembrancers of JESU'S love ;
While constancy in prayer we learn
From each succeeding night's return.

Day without night the Angels sing,
Nor rest upon the drooping wing ;
Teaching our souls betimes to ascend,
Where Alleluias never end.

David awak'd his harp and voice,
And all within him to rejoice ;
GOD'S love to praise at morning light,
And "tell of all His truth at night."

Jacob in prayer nocturnal strove ;
No stern repulse his prayer could move :
In vain that Angel-man did say :
"Dismiss Me ; for 'tis break of day."

See, how, in galling fetters laid,
At midnight Paul and Silas pray'd,
Their gory wounds still smarting sore,
And cold the prison's rugged floor.

They sang the praises of the LORD ;
So loud they sang, "the prisoners heard :"
And yet they thought that death was nigh ;
And clouds obscur'd their morning sky.

How then shall I Thy praise decline,
 When health, and friends, and home, are mine ?
 My dawn of day is clear and calm :
 No foes oppress, no fears alarm.

Are these Thy mercies, LORD, to me ?
 Oh, let me, then, Thy servant be ;
 Submitting to Thy just controul,
 And loving Thee with all my soul.

So shall I find Thee strong to save,
 When my last bed shall be the grave :
 The grave shall own my Saviour's might,
 And darkness vanish at Thy sight.

Only my soul must now awake
 From sleep of sin, for Thy dear sake ;
 And then my body shall arise
 From sleep of death to yonder skies.

'Tis there I hope Thy face to see,
 The crown of all felicity ;
 'Tis there I hope that rest to gain,
 Which here I seek, but seek in vain.

As endless ages roll along,
 Endless shall be my grateful song ;
 And heaven itself shall pass away,
 Before I cease my vows to pay.

Glory to GOD, who Israel keeps,
Who "never slumbers, never sleeps :"
Almighty power no weakness knows,
Unwearied love asks no repose.

And now, my Midnight musings o'er,
Thy wonted mercies, LORD, restore :
Let sleep again mine eyelids fill,
And Angels guard my soul from ill.

Praise to the FATHER, to the SON,
To th' HOLY GHOST, Blest Three in One :
Praise to the LORD, our GOD, be giv'n
By all on earth, by all in Heav'n.

A PRAYER OF THE CHURCH,

SUGGESTING THOUGHTS, WHEN THE STRIKING OF A CLOCK
REMINDS US OF OUR MORTALITY.

“The cock crew, and Peter remembered.”—S. Matth. xxvi. 74, 75.

So teach us, LORD, to number here our days,
That we our hearts incline to wisdom's ways :
Let nothing, dazzling in the world's vain show,
Let nothing, great esteem'd, or good, below,
Divert us from the sight—how frail we be,
What dust and ashes, sin and misery !
But may we forward press, the glorious prize
To gain of our high calling to the skies ;
With “faith and patience,” graces ever join'd,
With meekness and humility of mind ;
With deadness to the mighty powers of sin,
Denying self, the law of lust within ;
With charity, the Christian's noblest praise,
With perseverance, crowning former days ;
That so, when life we quit, and all its woes,
Our souls in Thee may peacefully repose ;
And, at the last great Rising of mankind,
Thy gracious favour and approval find ;

Receiving then with joy-transported ear
That Benediction of Thy SON so dear,
Pronounc'd to all, who own Thy love and fear; }
“Ye blessed children of My FATHER, come;
“Enter the joy of your Eternal home!
“Receive the kingdom, form'd for ransom'd
man,
“Before the world was made, or time began!”

THOUGHTS FOR THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK,

AS GROUNDED ON WHAT IS RECORDED OF THE LORD, IN THE
GOSPELS, ON EACH OF THOSE DAYS.

*“I have set the Lord always before me . . . Therefore my heart
is glad.”*—Ps. xvi. 8, 9.

TIME passes quick away
By day, succeeding day;
While men to each a various use assign,
As gain, or pleasure, guide;
The week they thus divide,
In quest of earthly good, less heedful of Divine.

So may we rather choose
A theme, whereon to muse,
Thence, day by day, some Heavenly joy to win;
The life of JESUS gives
That Bread, “by which man lives,”
If from the Gospel-page fit store we gather in.

As when in one grand blaze
Burst forth the solar rays,
So *Sunday* rises, with all glory clad:
JESUS, in orient light,
Scatters the shades of night:
The HOLY GHOST descends, and heav’n and
earth are glad.

On Sunday is no sorrow :
 But all is chang'd *to-morrow*—
 A seeming joy, prelude of deepest woes.
 The loud "Hosannas" raise
 His jubilee of praise :
 But soon the plaudits vain with "Crucify Him"
 close.

Each *Tuesday*, ponder well
 The fig-tree, how it fell,
 Beneath the curse, all barren souls must share :
 Fear, lest the doom be thine :
 Then from the cleansed shrine
 Learn well, thy heart must be a holy "house
 of prayer."

On *Wednesday*, to thy thought
 In contrast clear be brought—
 Teaching the soul, which part is hers, to
 prove—
 False Judas, who betray'd ;
 And she, the unknown, who made
 With spikenard of great price the tender of her
 love.

On *Thursday*, see the LORD,
 At love's high festal board,
 Breaking the bread, His flesh for sinners giv'n :
 Then see Him on that day
 Ascending "go His way,"
 To "drink" the vintage "new," in antitypes
 of heav'n.

Here longer pause, to admire
 How well the two conspire,
 And to the Church one vital truth convey :
 Would'st thou to Glory ascend ?
 The feast of Grace attend :
 The food immortal there will fit thee for the way.

Dost mourn, thy faith so weak ?
 On *Friday* go, and seek
 The Saviour on the Cross, who Died for thee.
 Behold Him tortur'd there !
 Hear His forgiving prayer !
 And then distrust His love, if such distrust
 can be.

Brought to the end of woes,
 To the still grave's repose,
 Entomb'd, where no man ever yet was laid,
 He bids thee with Him stay,
 Now on His *Sabbath-day*,
 Till, on the first new Morn, His Glory be display'd.

LORD JESU, give us grace
 Thy steps on earth to trace,
 That so each day its light from Thee may bring :
 Oh, may we "walk with God,"
 Loving the paths, He trod,
 And learning, as we walk, His "attributes to
 sing."

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA.

(THOM. DE CELANO. CENT. XIII.)

*Dies iræ, Dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.*

*Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus !*

*Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante Thronum.*

*Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.*

*Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.*

“ Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence : there shall go before Him a consuming fire, and a mighty tempest shall be stirred up round about Him. He shall call the heaven from above, and the earth, that He may judge His people.”—Ps. l. 3, 4.

DAY of wrath—the world that Day
Dissolv'd in smouldering fire shall lay ;
So David and the Sibyl say.

How great will be the trembling fear,
When, all to try with search severe,
The Judge is seen approaching near !

The trumpet, pealing strange and dread
Through every dark sepulchral bed,
Before the Throne shall drive the dead.

Nature and death it will appal,
When the creation, great and small,
Uprises at the Judge's call.

The Book shall be brought forth, wherein
Is writ, for judgment, all the sin,
That ever in the world has been.

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quicquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.*

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?*

*Rex tremendæ Majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.*

*Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quòd sum causa Tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ Die.*

*Quærens me sedisti lassus ;
Redemisti Crucem passus :
Ne sit tantus labor cassus.*

*Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.*

*Ingemisco, tanquàm reus ;
Culpâ rubet vultus meus ;
Supplici parce, Deus.*

So, when the Judge enthron'd shall be,
 Whate'er was hid all eyes shall see :
 Nothing shall 'scape, from vengeance free.

What then shall say a wretch, as I ?
 Or, to what patron-help apply,
 When righteous souls will all but die ?

Dread Majesty, tremendous King,
 Who dost, of grace, salvation bring,
 Save me, sweet mercy's fontal spring !

Remember, JESU kind, I pray,
 'Twas I, who caus'd Thee Thy sad way,
 Lest Thou destroy me in that Day.

Thou satest faint, my soul to gain ;
 For me Thou didst the Cross sustain :
 May toil so great be ne'er in vain.

Just Judge, in Thy strict vengeance clear,
 Grant me Thine absolution here,
 Before the accounting Day appear.

As one arraign'd, I mourn and groan :
 These crimson cheeks my trespass own,—
 LORD, to my plea let grace be shewn !

*Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.*

*Preces meæ non sunt dignæ ;
Sed Tu bonus : fac benignè,
Ne perenni cremer igne.*

*Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.*

*Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum Benedictis.*

*Oro supplex et acclinis ;
Cor contritum, quasi cinis ;
Curam gere mei finis.*

*Lacrymosa Dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favillâ
Judicandus homo reus :
Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Pie Jesu Domine ;
Dona eis requiem. Amen.*

'Thou, that from sin didst Mary free,
 Didst hear the thief with clemency,
 Through *them* hast left some hope for me.

No merit can my prayers commend :
 But Thou art good ; in love defend
 Me from the fire, that knows no end.

Among the sheep a place provide ;
 Far from the goats my lot divide ;
 Appointed safe at Thy right side.

What time the cursed are reprov'd,
 And to fierce flames depart remov'd,
 Me call, among Thy saints belov'd.

Bow'd down I supplicating cry :
 My heart's, like ashes, crush'd and dry :
 Have care of my last agony.

Sad day, all tears, sad Day of Doom,
 When from the smouldering fiery gloom
 Shall rise the tribes of sinful men ;
 Thy gracious pardon then afford ;
 Then spare, O JESU, GOD and LORD,
 And give them peace ! *Amen. Amen.*

PART II.

THE “VENITE.”—(PSALM xcv.)

“And many people shall go, and say ; Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the House of the God of Jacob ; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths.”—Isaiah ii. 3.

OH, come, let us sing to the LORD, and rejoice
In the strength of His conquering arm ;
Let us haste to His presence, and there with
glad voice
Unite in our thanksgiving Psalm.

A great GOD is He, above every name,
He beareth the earth in His hand :
Him the mountains and hills their Maker
proclaim,
And so do the sea, and dry land.

Oh, come, let us worship with low bended knee,
And the LORD our Creator adore ;

For His people, the sheep of His pasture, are
 we,
 Whom He feeds from His bountiful store.

The sheep hear the voice of their Shepherd so
 kind ;
 His voice let us hear then to-day :
 For an obstinate will, and unteachable mind,
 Will provoke Him to cast us away.

So it far'd with our fathers : they tempted the
 LORD :

On the desert their corpses lay bare :
 “ Full forty years long they rejected My Word,
 “ Till at last in Mine anger I swear ;

“ This people, once Mine, is in heart gone
 astray :

“ I promis'd that they should be blest :
 “ Their sins have provok'd Me to cast them
 away :

“ They never shall enter My rest.”

Ascribe to the FATHER, the SON, and the SPIRIT,
 One GOD, in the ever-blest Three,
 The glory and praise of His infinite merit ;
 As it was, as it is, and shall be !

ON UNITY IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of Angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven."—Hebrews xii. 22, 23.

THEN faith unblam'd bright forms may trace,
 Hovering around this hallow'd place;
 What time the Church's altar-flame
 Ascends in our Emmanuel's Name.

Angels are here : they joy to see,
 How all in prayer and praise agree;
 Acknowledging the One true LORD,
 In Persons Three alike ador'd.

Nor rest they in their tranquil gaze;
 But quick outspread the wing, to raise
 Our sacrifice to GOD above,
 Perfum'd with incense of their love.

Souls of "the dead in CHRIST" are here :
 "The Saints' Communion," ever near :
 They rest from toil ; their work is done,
 Ended in Grace, as first begun.

And must they not intensely long
 To add us to their ransom'd throng?
 In sweet accord they seem to pray,
 That we may be as Blest, as they.

Then learn we hence our lesson due,
 From types unseen to copy true:
 The LORD Himself the rule has giv'n—
 "God's will be done, as done in Heav'n."

Joy we that God is worshipp'd right
 In Trinal Unity of might;
 When mercy mild and peace abound,
 When faith with charity is crown'd.

Would we with choir Celestial sing,
 Love must attune the grateful string—
 That love, which joins, in God's dear SON,
 Angels and Saints, and makes them one.

For now "all things in heaven and earth"
 Are reconcil'd by JESU's worth:
 Angels no second time can sin;
 The Saints their Resurrection win.

Oh, 'tis a joyful sight to see
 Together dwell in Unity
 Those, whom the peace of JESU's Blood
 Has link'd in one dear brotherhood!

Be this our joy, be this our praise,
 Our heart's sweet comfort, all our days;
 Till faultless, in the Church above,
 We sing the song of perfect love.

THE HYMN, CALLED “TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.”

*“They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.”—*
Rev. iv. 8.

WE praise Thee, O GOD; with one accord
 We acknowledge Thee to be the LORD.
 All the whole earth doth worship Thee—
 The FATHER, everlastingly.
 Aloud to Thee, the Sovran Sire,
 Sing all the full Angelick quire: }
 The heavens, and all their powers conspire. }
 To Thee the Cherubim prolong
 And Seraphim the ceaseless song—
 O Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
 GOD of Sabaoth, thrice ador'd!
 Thy Majesty fills all around—
 Heaven's highest arch, earth's depth profound.
 Thee praise, from thrones exalted high
 The Apostles, glorious company;
 Thee praise, in fellowship of love,
 The Prophets, rais'd to bliss above;

Thee praise, with loud exulting strain,
 The warrior Martyrs, nobly slain.
 Thee, throughout all the world made known,
 The Holy Church's Creed doth own—
 The FATHER, with all glory crown'd,
 Of Majesty, beyond all bound;
 Thine honourable, true, only SON,
 In the Eternal Godhead One;
 And strength of souls, with balm to cheer,
 The HOLY GHOST, the Comforter.
 Thou King of Glory, CHRIST, in Thee
 The FATHER's very SON we see—
 The SON of GOD, Eternally.

When Love constrain'd Thee man to save
 From sin, and sorrow, and the grave,
 The Virgin's womb Thou didst not scorn,
 Of human flesh conceiv'd, and born.
 When with Thy last triumphant breath
 Thou hadst o'ercome the sting of death,
 Thy mighty hand did wide uncloset
 The golden gates of Heaven for those,
 Whom faith has made Thy people true:
 Now, far above our mortal view,
 With all the FATHER's glory grac'd,
 Thy seat at His right hand is plac'd.
 That Thou Thy heavens again wilt leave,
 And come to Judgment, we believe:

Therefore Thy help we suppliant crave,
 Thy Blood-redeemed servants save;
 Among Thy Saints, as one in Thee,
 Let them for ever number'd be;
 Guide them on earth, then to Thy throne
 Exalt them; for they are Thine own.
 While here, we praise Thee day by day,
 And in those worlds, that ne'er decay,
 The same glad tribute ever pay. }
 Defend us, LORD, this day from sin—
 From foes without, bad lusts within.
 Mercy we ask; shew mercy, LORD;
 For all our trust is in Thy word.
 LORD, I have trusted in Thy Name;
 Then let me ne'er be put to shame.

THE SONG OF ZACHARIAS,

CALLED THE "BENEDICTUS."

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."—Eph. i. 3.

THE GOD of Israel—prais'd be He !
 His pitying eye our woes did see,
 And all His people's misery :
 Then did He give
 A mighty Saviour, us to free,
 By whom we live.

Of David's house this Saviour came ;
 And Him the Prophets did proclaim,
 E'er since the world our GOD did frame,
 That He should smite
 The hateful foes, who us o'ercame,
 And save us quite.

That all the mercy, heretofore
 To Patriarchs promis'd, and, still more,
 Which GOD by oath to Abraham swore,
 In Him should ever
 Stand fast ; that He, whom we adore,
 Should us deliver ;

Redeeming us from bondage drear,
 And teaching us, as children dear,
 Who love the GOD, they yet revere,
 Him to obey ;
 No longer slaves to legal fear,
 Till our last day.

Honour'd through all eternity,
 Thy name, O wondrous child, shall be,
 "Prophet of GOD most high !" to thee
 Such grace is giv'n ;
 Herald of Majesty on high—
 "The LORD from heav'n."

To go before His face is thine,
 And usher in the light Divine,
 The Sun, so beauteous and benign,
 That to this earth,
 Shaded by death, where all things pine,
 Brings joy and mirth ;

The Dayspring from on high, whose light
 Bursts through the gloom of vanquish'd night,
 And brings Salvation full in sight,
 And pardon'd sin ;
 Guiding our feet, through regions bright,
 Heav'n's rest to win.

Glory we give with one accord
 To GOD, Three Persons, and One LORD,
 For all the blessings of His Word ;
 Now, as of old,
 So ever be His Name ador'd,
 His praises told.

THE SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,

CALLED THE "MAGNIFICAT."

"Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."
—S. Luke ii. 19.

MY soul the LORD doth magnify ;
My spirit glad in GOD hath been,
My Saviour, who with gracious eye
His handmaid's low estate hath seen.

Behold, me "Blessed" from this hour
All generations shall proclaim :
My lifter-up is great in power,
And holy ever is His Name.

His mercy unto those, that own
His fear, He doth for aye impart :
His strong right arm hath wonders shewn,
Scattering the vain and proud of heart.

The mighty men He hath subdued,
And rais'd the meek and lowly head :
The hungry He hath fill'd with good,
And sent the rich away unfed.

Mindful of grace, He's come to save,
His servant Israel to deliver :
Such promise He to Abraham gave,
Our sire, and to his seed for ever.

To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT blest,
The Three in One, whom we adore,
Be glory, as at first addrest,
As now, and hence for evermore.

THE SONG OF SYMEON,

CALLED THE "NUNC DIMITTIS."

"I have waited for Thy Salvation, O Lord."—Gen. xlix. 18.

'TIS now, 'tis now full time, O LORD,
 According to Thy gracious word,
 To grant Thy servant his release,
 And let him hence depart in peace.

For Thy Salvation I have seen ;
 A light prepar'd before all men,
 The Gentile darkness to dispel,
 And glorify Thine Israel.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT—Three in One—
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 As now, and so shall ever last.

THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

“ And it came to pass, when the Angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice and wept.”—Judges ii. 4.

FATHER, all might and mercy, we have stray'd
 From Thy right ways, and, like lost sheep,
 have erred;
 Our heart's desires we have too much obey'd,
 And to Thy Will our own bad lusts preferr'd.

Thy perfect Law, which heaven and earth
 controuls,
 We have transgress'd by leaving good undone,
 Nor less by doing ill: and now our souls
 Pine under wrath, and all our health is gone.

Pardon we ask, as sinners doom'd to die,
 Spare us, O LORD; nor let Thy judgments
 fall
 On those, who here with sad bewailing cry
 Their faults confess, and on Thy mercy call.

For so Thy promise, seal'd in JESU's Blood,
Speaks to the trembling soul in accents dear :
Oh, grant us, for His sake, most gracious GOD,
Henceforth to live in Thy most holy fear.

By love towards Thee, by justice towards man,
By sober strictness, guarding all our ways,
Help us to shew the grace, that makes us clean,
And ever to set forth Thy glorious praise.

THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

“ Oh, praise the Lord ; for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God : yea, a joyful and a pleasant thing it is to be thankful.”—Ps. cxlvii. 1.

LORD of all might, and FATHER, too,
Of mercies ever fresh and new,
The least above our merit's due,
To Thee with humble mind
We bring the sacrifice of praise ;
Such, as our thankful hearts should raise,
For all Thy good and gracious ways
Towards us, and all mankind.

Praise for creation we present,
And preservation subsequent,
And all the blessings and content,
To us in this life giv'n ;
But chiefly for Thy SON so dear,
Who sav'd our souls from death and fear ;
For means of Grace, provided here,
And future hopes of Heav'n.

Oh, give us grace, whereby to prove
So deep a sense of all Thy love,
That not our lips alone may move,
 Due homage to express ;
But that our lives may speak Thy praise,
Our self-surrender, all our days,
To serve Thee, and to keep Thy ways,
 In truth and righteousness.

And may our grateful sacrifice,
Like sweetest incense, now arise
Bearing our thanks beyond the skies,
 Where JESUS reigns above ;
To whom, in Unity with Thee,
And th' HOLY SPIRIT, ever be
Glory ascrib'd and Majesty,
 FATHER of might and love !

SUNDAY THOUGHTS BETWEEN THE HOURS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

“There was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour.”
—Rev. viii. 1.

BEHOLD the bride herself adorn
In comeliness of meet array,
To please the bridegroom on the morn,
When smiles on both the nuptial day.

Still, as the grateful task she plies,
From time to time she stops, to know,
How each attractive mode she tries
Becomes her well, in outward show.

And such, methinks, the Church's care,
In varied ways of pleasing taught,
How best, in “wedding-garment” fair,
She to her King may now be brought.

That garment fair is Holiness,
Form'd in the heart by grace Divine;
“Fine linen” of the Saints; the dress,
Enrob'd in which pure Angels shine.

To the LORD's House, this sacred Day,
 At morning thou, my soul, hast sped ;
 With prayer and praise thy vows to pay,
 To hear, to be Divinely fed.

Now pause awhile, and search within ;
 Mark well, how grows the life of grace—
 Am I, indeed, made clean from sin ?
 What new adornment can I trace ?

There are, who deem their duty done,
 Soon, as the Church her worship ends ;
 Back to their idol-world they run,
 Nor care, how each his life amends.

As one, who in a faithful glass
 His soiled face beholdeth plain ;
 " What manner of a man he was,"
 Then straight forgets, and leaves the stain.

God needs not human aid, 'tis true :
 The Spirit " worketh all in all :"
 And yet He claims our service due,
 And loves to hear our duteous call.

Not, as He made us, will He save,
 Without our part, without our will :
 Of man He asks the heart, He gave,
 And loves that heart with grace to fill.

Cease we to strive, to watch, to pray,
 The bridal lamp to guard, and trim ;
 In vain our hopes on Him we stay :
 Our oil must fail, our light grow dim.

'Tis ours to use the boon receiv'd,
 Improve the talents freely giv'n ;
 Lest, like the foolish virgins griev'd,
 We lose the marriage-feast of Heav'n.

In holy rites, as hallow'd ground,
 'Mid countless treasures, there conceal'd,
 Thou hast one precious treasure found—
 Go, give thine all, and buy the field.

In holy rites, with prosperous gale
 The Spirit breathes, where'er He will :
 Thou hast uprais'd and spread the sail ;
 Slack not thy course, pursue it still.

See in his chariot one draws nigh ;
 From GOD's lov'd House he homeward wends :
 What rivets so his thoughtful eye ?
 'Tis GOD's lov'd Word, o'er which he bends.

And yonder pair, in converse dear,
 Who by the way to Emmaus walk—
 What moves, by turns, their hope, or fear ?
 It is the LORD, of whom they talk.

Full well their memory trac'd anew
 His every act, and all He said ;
 But chiefly, how Himself they knew—
 'Twas “in the breaking of the bread.”

Ye blest examples ! Oh, that we,
 Pilgrims alike on Zion's road,
 In “counsel sweet” might thus agree,
 When clos'd the worship of our God !

Then welcome every sacred Day
 Of rest, and “joint Communion high :”
 Grant only, LORD, that, as we pray,
 So we may live, and so may die ;

Reflecting more Thy beauteous grace,
 As nearer seen the light Divine ;
 Till we behold Thee “face to face,”
 And in Thy perfect Glory shine.

A SUNDAY EVENING RETROSPECT.

“The good Lord pardon every one, that prepareth his heart to seek the Lord God of his fathers, though he be not cleansed according to the purification of the Sanctuary.”—2 Chron. xxx. 18, 19.

AGAIN the risen Saviour's Day

Has call'd us to the House of Prayer—

Oh, that we all in truth could say;

“I've sought the LORD, and found Him
there.”

While thanks we render for the grace,

That fain would raise the soul to Heav'n,

In holy things our sins we trace,

And pray to have those sins forgiv'n.

True to His Word, the LORD was nigh,

Ready, as ever wont, to bless;

But, if He silent pass'd us by,

'Twas all for our unworthiness.

When in Thy presence, LORD, we knelt,

Too soon our minds were drawn astray:

Awhile we may Thy love have felt;

But Oh, how quick this died away!

Devotion's form without the fire,
 Which faith, and hope, and love impart—
 No rapturous joy—no strong desire—
 It shames me now, and grieves my heart.

And can such feeble faltering prayer
 Give witness true, that we are 'Thine?
 Or fit us for Thy temple, where
 Worship is perfect and divine?

Have mercy, LORD ; O LORD, forgive ;
 And in Thy pity grace bestow ;
 That, longer as on earth we live,
 More ripe for Heav'n our souls may grow.

Soon shall we stand before Thy face ;
 Thy Presence and Thy Glory see—
 O Glory, none can fully trace !
 O Presence, none can ever flee !

If Saints of old an Angel saw,
 Instant they shrank in dread amaze :
 Who then shall tell the soul's deep awe,
 When on the Angels' LORD we gaze ?

Ask him, who on his Saviour's breast
 Fearless at supper laid his head ;
 But, when he saw Him, GOD confest,
 Low " at His feet he fell, as dead."

Or ask the prototype of John,
 Who, " the great Vision " once discern'd,
 Felt all his strength consum'd and gone,
 His beauty " to corruption turn'd."

Do righteous men, of GOD approv'd,
 In self-reproach such fears betray ?
 Then how will sinful hearts be mov'd
 With tremblings, at the last great Day ?

Oh, grant, good LORD, whene'er I bend
 The knees in penitence and prayer,
 That all my faith and hope may tend
 Me for Thy Vision to prepare.

I see Thee now, as nearest brought,
 "Made man," of holy flesh and blood :
 I touch the wounds, that dearly bought
 A pardon'd sinner's peace with GOD.

From earth-born mists obstructive clear
 Yet more and more the mental eye ;
 That, when Thy Glory shall appear,
 I may behold Thee, and not Die.

I live, as daily dies my sin,
 I strengthen, as bad lusts decay ;
 Such death alone true Life can win,
 And raise to Heaven this house of clay.

Then to the FATHER glory due,
 Who hath redeem'd us by the SON ;
 The SPIRIT forming us anew :
 Glory to each, ador'd in One !

ON THE DISUSE OF DAILY PRAYER IN OUR CHURCHES.

“ And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared, as a bride, adorned for her husband. . . . And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day.”—Rev. xxi. 2, 25.

O HOLY City, heavenly bride,
How fair thy portals open'd wide!
All through the one eternal day
Thy glorified glad homage pay.

And is the Church on earth to shine
By reflex of the light Divine?
Do heavenly things a pattern show
Of worship, due to GOD below?

Yes; and our holy Mother blest
Full well the copy has exprest:
“ Morning and Evening Daily Prayer”
Her faithfulness and love declare.

Then whence the sight, that pains mine eyes?
Where now her order'd sacrifice?
Well-nigh in all this Christian land
Her temple-gates deserted stand.

O grief, to see CHRIST's poor denied
 The heritage, CHRIST's Church supplied!—
 GOD's House their home, wherein to enjoy
 The calm of prayer without annoy.

But did we not, last Sunday, cry,
 "Thee day by day we magnify?"
 Good words, and yet a mockery vain,
 If silence in our Churches reign.

Or, heed we not the union sweet
 Of contrite hearts at JESU's feet?
 What, if but "two, or three," be there—
 A "little flock" His Presence share.

Not to the many, but the few,
 His promise speaks, so sweet and true.
 A thousand tongues on GOD may call:
 One widow pleases more, than all.

Some sad some aged here receive
 Peace, which the world can never give:
 Shame on the world, its giddy stir
 Or guilty pleasures to prefer!

Blest Anna lov'd the House of Prayer;
 Nor vain her hopes, that centr'd there;
 For, while she kneel'd, and GOD ador'd,
 Behold the Child, that temple's LORD!

“ Peter and John went up to pray,”
 Led by the Spirit, day by day;
 ’Twas on the verge of “ holy ground”
 The wonder-working gift they found.

Then draw we all to GOD more near :
 To *us* His glory will appear,
 Seen ever in soft beams of grace,
 That light on every hallow’d place.

In vain we hope heav’n’s bliss to find,
 Untaught untun’d the earthly mind :
 How shall *they* bear Eternal song,
 To whom an hour at Church seems long ?

Nor deem, that solitary prayer
 May well the soul for heav’n prepare :
 Heav’n is a “ City,” not a cell :
 All there unite, GOD’s praise to tell.

Oft as to “ Common Prayer” we go,
 Celestial joys we learn to know.
 Church is the nursery of love,
 Imperfect here, complete above.

O holy City, heav’nly bride,
 How fair thy portals open’d wide !
 All through the long eternal day,
 Thy glorified glad homage pay.

THE SEVEN CANONICAL HOURS OF PRAYER.

“Seven times a day do I praise Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments.”—Ps. cxix. 164.

“Septenis hæc sunt quæ psallimus horis.

“Matutina legat Christum, qui crimina purgat;

“Prima replet sputis; fert causam tertia mortis;

“Sexta cruci nectit; latus Ejus nona bipertit;

“Vespera deponit; tumulto completa reponit.”

Antonio Alvarado. (De Off. Div.)

IN purer days of old,
Ere faith and love grew cold,
Seven times a day the Church her tribute
brought
Of holy prayer and praise,
Such, as our hearts should raise
To Him, who with His Blood our great Salva-
tion bought.

And, as the natural day
Follows the solar ray,
Tracing the morn and noon, then eve and night;

So prayer and holy praise
 Pass'd through the seven-fold maze,
 Observing still the Cross, and its celestial light.

The *Matins* dawn, to bind
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 For so th' arch-traitor gave the soldiers charge :
 Soon could "the mighty LORD"
 Have rent the stoutest cord :
 Yet bind Him : by His bands our souls are set
 at large.

Next comes the hour of *Prime*—
 O most unheard-of crime !
 That sinners dare with spittings curs'd and
 vile
 To cover that dear face,
 All purity and grace,
 And with their rancorous foam Heav'n's beauty
 to defile.

And yet more sad doth lower
 The *third*—the Verdict-hour :
 "Let Him be crucified ;" Barabbas free !
 See judg'd the Judge of all :
 Hark, through the crowded hall
 Loud rings the savage yell of their insulting
 glee !

Still onward to its close
 Time unrelenting goes :
 At the *sixth* hour the Cross made ready stands.
 They strike, they drive the nails—
 O torture, that assails
 His tender feet transfix'd, His holy blessed
 hands !

Draws slow the *ninth* hour near,
 To pierce with soldier's spear
 His side—behold the Blood and Water flow !
 Hence Sacramental grace
 In two glad streams we trace ;
 While from His sleep of death a second Eve
 doth grow.

The day is on the wane :
 His body must be ta'en
 Down from the Cross, at *Vesper's* holy calm :
 Joseph is on his way,
 To wrap the lifeless clay :
 The mournful women seek their spices, to
 embalm.

Sweet *Compline*, hail at last !
 All sorrow now is past ;
 Clos'd in the grave the long laborious strife :

He rests, a wearied man ;
 But soon will rise again,
 The Vanquisher of death, the LORD of endless
 life !

Thus from Thy Passion's height
Seven streams of Heavenly light,
 LORD, on Thy Church descend from day to day :
 Teach us to know their power,
 At each sad sacred hour,
 For guidance, or for comfort, when we pray.

Bind us in love to Thee :
 Thy shame our glory be ;
 Thy guilt, our innocence ; Thy Cross, our
 crown :
 Grant us in Thy pierc'd side
 And in Thy grave to abide,
 "Till Angels bid us rise," to see Thee on Thy
 throne.

L'ENVOI.

“For my brethren and companions’ sake, I will wish thee prosperity.”—Ps. cxxii. 8.

My “thoughts in verse!”—but can I tell,
 If other hearts will own the spell,
 Its gentle touch on some responsive chord?
 Hope ventures, that it may be so;
 For, to my comfort, this I know,
 Their sound is all of One, by all of us ador’d.

They seem familiar, trite, and plain;
 Artless and unadorn’d the strain;
 No lofty flights the raptur’d soul upraise:
 Yet, if the Truth of God be here,
 Methinks, some virtue will be near
 To bless the simple song, that courts no higher
 praise.

For Truth Divine, though simply clad,
 A power and comeliness will add,
 Beyond the skill, that earthly means attain:

And numbers, flowing from the heart,
 Have more avail'd, than labouring Art,
 To move the secret depths of pleasure and of
 pain.

Then speed thee forth in hope, my Verse ;
 Be thou my witness to rehearse
 What for His servant GOD hath gracious done :
 If one dear soul thou move to care
 For *Day-by-day returns of Prayer*,
 I may content me well ; my crown of joy is won.

INDEX.

	PAGE
AGAIN the risen Saviour's Day	56
Awake, my soul, awake to prayer	21
Behold the bride herself adorn	52
Day of wrath, the world that Day	31
FATHER of heaven, our FATHER dwelling high	6
FATHER, all might and mercy, we have stray'd	48
FATHER, to me Thy mighty aid impart	2
In purer days of old	62
LORD of all might, and FATHER too	50
LORD, I begin the day with sin	8
My soul the LORD doth magnify	45
My "thoughts in verse!"—but can I tell	66
Not to the Saints, however high	19
Oh, come, let us sing to the LORD, and rejoice	36
O holy city, heavenly bride	59
Prayer is the key, that opens wide	1
So teach us, LORD, to number here our days	25
The GOD of Israel—praised be He	43
The reddening tints, that streak the sky	4
Then faith unblam'd bright forms may trace	38
Thou, who from morn till even-tide	17
Time passes quick away	27
'Tis Evening: now the parting day	15
'Tis now, 'tis now full time, O LORD	47
Vain worldly thoughts, away, away	9
We praise Thee, O GOD: with one accord	40
When at Mid-day my task I ply	11

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